

HANOVER, JULY 12, 1804.

FOR THE TABLET.

Observations on Sympathy.

THE graces of the heart are the distinguishing beauties of rational nature.—Warm with the genial ardor of love, and feelingly alive with the gentle breathings of sympathy, man is an amiable and dignified being. Active with these virtuous and exhilarating exercises, he has in his own bosom sources of enjoyment most refined and exalted. They are inseparable from his nature, constant as the functions of life, and durable as the energies of the soul. They are too noble and generous to excite a rival's envy, they are too sacred for the enemy to purloin. To cultivate these tender affections, is an object most worthy the attention of beings, elevated to the grade of intelligent and moral prerogative. At the present time, a few reflections will be attempted on the nature and benign influences of sympathy.

Sympathy is a mutual, reciprocating passion. It has its origin in the sensibility of the human heart. Its exciting causes are the pleasures and pains of sensitive beings. When a particular note in the mental lyre is touched, sympathy wafts the strain to an unison chord, and strikes a symphony of exquisite perfection. Waked by its soothing whispers, we feel a companion's woes, participate his joys, and mingle with him the incense of gratitude on the altar, praise. Sympathy is the eye from whence drops the tear of commiseration; the fountain from whence issues healing and balmy waters to relieve, console and regale the wounded, the unfortunate and the sorrowful. Sympathy is the mirror that receives and reflects the beams of hope, of rapture and of love. The empire of sympathy is widely extended. In every grade of society, on all the varieties of character, throughout the entire domain of human existence, this darling daughter of the Deity, appears in beautiful majesty, unfurls her sacred banners, and diffuses abroad her ambrosial influences. From the savage, who deliberately crimson his hands in the blood of a natural child, to the tender female who extinguishes the spark of life in a flood of grief for the loss of a bosom lover and friend; from the rude son of nature, who knows no instrument, art or profession, but the bow its fabrication and its use, to the philosopher who invents the optical reflector, kens and measures the remote compartments of the universe, the filken chords of sympathy extend, twine on the fibres of the heart, and link the social virtues in a bond of union. But though universal, its power is not uniform. A dissimilarity in the natural constitutions, in the modes of education and

the habits of intercourse, renders the intensity of this affection conspicuously various. This variety, as far as sympathy consists in mere sensibility to objects, we may attribute more to the agency of nature than the power of education. The active faculties of the mind may be strengthened, but the sensibilities of the heart, independent of the associating principle, admit of no improvement whatever. On the contrary, the successive views of affecting scenes become less impressive, the more frequent they are repeated. The truth of this remark, observation most amply evinces. On the minds of children, impressions made by simple ideas are infinitely more sensible and lasting than on minds more mature and experienced.

The unrefined habitant of the wood, may possess a soul susceptible of the most acute sensibility and genuine sympathy. Should any one deny the assertion, facts are sufficient to substantiate its veracity and silence the voice of objection. Will any one alledge the barbarities of the uncivilized world as an argument to invalidate our position? Will he remind us of the scalping knife of the American Indians? Will he paint to our view their heart-chilling cruelties, feasting on the inflicted miseries of parent and child, strangers and acquaintance? Will he direct our view to the recreant African despot, who this day, to propitiate the winds and waters, crimson with kindred blood, the same river that tomorrow he hopes will waft to his dominions traffickers of human flesh, with whom he may barter for gold the living bodies of his own countrymen? Will he tell us of the cannibals of New-Zealand or the human sacrificers of Otaheite? These are confessedly horrid presentations of savage nature and infernal malignity. But expressions of malignant passions are not confined to uncivilized society; neither do they preclude the possible existence of humane principles. To these portraiture of depravation, I would oppose a picture that honors uncultured man, and which the refinements of art can never more than parallize. The character to which I refer, is that of the celebrated, the amiable Pocahontas. Her soul was formed of sensibility; her heart was sympathy itself. Exquisiteness of emotion, ardour of friendship, and purity of affection, were never more conspicuous and finished than in this lovely favorite of nature. Contemplate her conduct on a particular occasion, and you will certainly believe and admire. Smith, the martial hero of Virginia, by the decree of Powhatan, was confined to the altar. This awful doom of the unfortunate Englishman, waked in the bosom of our princess the liveliest emotions of pity and re-

gret. The solemn hour of predestinated suffering had now arrived, the implements of death are arranged in full preparation, the object of Indian vengeance is stretched on the fatal block, the executioner's arm is raised, aiming the tremendous blow. Pocahontas sees, her heart bleeds, her sympathy kindles, she can no longer refrain.—Leaping from her station, she rushes thro' the croud, falls on the devoted victim, and with the keenness of censure and soul-melting accents of female eloquence, reproaches their cruelty and implores mercy for the unhappy man condemned to suffer. The spectators are surprised. In their faces amazement is pictured, in their souls the glow of compassion is felt. Sympathy assumes empire in the bosoms of savages, like the electrical shock it penetrates every heart, and lights up a flame, that revenge and hatred are unable to extinguish. The war hardened chief, who undimmed could brave thick volleys of death—commission lead, and without a shudder front the terrifying thunder of European artillery, falls harmless before the Goddess sympathy and devoutly worships at her sacred shrine. His resolves of vengeance are forgotten, his ferocity vanishes, he admires and embraces his daughter; he liberates the hopeless captive, half senseless with astonishment, at his miraculous deliverance.

It may be said, instances like this are rare, and oppose only an exception to common character, without furnishing any conclusive argument in favor of a general proposition. It is true, instances like this are rare, they but seldom obtain in circles of refinement where science and art have advanced to their utmost limit in humanizing the heart. But extraordinary sensibility in the sympathizing passions, I would rather consider the bounty of nature than the acquirement of education. I would rather determine them exceptions to the common depravation of what nature has implanted, than singular instances of cultivated affection. Although the acuteness of sensibility may be obtunded, although sympathy may be stifled, they admit of no positive improvement with respect to their delicacy or strength.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE TABLET.

"LOOK ERE YOU LEAP."

It would seem from the prevailing practices of the day, that a considerable proportion of the inhabitants of our country are disposed to doubt the authority of this old-fashioned precept. It, however, contains a direction, which, if generally observed, would render the disorders of society less frequent, and thus augment the happiness of man. The many evils, indeed, which afflict mankind, both in an in-

dividual and national capacity, are to be chiefly ascribed to the want of a proper controul over the passions, and to a general defect in the circumspection of our conduct. This fact is attested by daily observation. When I see young gentlemen, to whose guardianship nature has committed many talents, spending their time in idleness and gaiety, indulging the courtly vices of the times, and regarding study as the punishment of fools, or the dull gratification of the book-worm, I cannot refrain from advising them to ponder on their ways, to 'look ere they leap,' for, otherwise, they will most assuredly plunge themselves into insignificance and contempt.

I chanced, the other day, to fall into the company of a man, whose pimpled countenance, tattered raiment and trembling frame too evidently indicated the effects of a confirmed habit of intoxication. The sweets of domestic enjoyment he had resigned for the benumbing contents of the gill-cup; his wife was neglected, his children were uneducated and unclothed, his estate was sold to satisfy the demands of the retailer, his constitution was falling into a decline. Miserable and dejected were his family; for they had seen better times. Ah, unhappy man! said I; had you in early life reflected on the miseries, which attend the practice of vice, had you but once 'looked, ere you leaped' into this muddy torrent of drunkenness and riot, you might still have enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing yourself respected, your family affluent and happy, and your health unimpaired. But the die is cast, your lot is fixed, your imprudence has brought on a disease which will ere long lodge you in the grave!

When I look out into the world, and observe the merchant or mechanic, entrusting the management of his business to his clerks or apprentices, frequenting horse-races, haunting the grog-shops, and courting the croud for the sake of gaining an office, I am constrained to predict, that he will, in a short time, be compelled, either to fly his country, or to end his days in prison. Such a person is pressing and 'leaping' forward into popularity and consequence, but, forsooth, his eyes are closed, and there are ten chances to one, that he will fall into the ditch.

There is another class of men, who are foolishly spending their property, and hurrying themselves into unnecessary difficulties, without any recompence, but perplexity and disappointment. It is hardly necessary to mention, that I allude to those, who are continually engaged in lawsuits. The voice of reason teaches us to avoid all those practices, which will not, in some way or other, redound to our benefit; and if the consequences of litigation are generally a breach of friendship between the parties, and a loss of property on both sides, it follows, that to conduct wisely we

must keep free from little bickerings in the law. Lawyers verily are all *great and learned men*, but they do not always get the case; therefore, 'leap' not into their power, before you have 'looked' at consequences.

Finally, to whatever condition or department of life we direct our observations, we find too many, who are bringing upon themselves trouble and unhappiness, which, by proper attention to our motto, might be avoided. X.

BIOGRAPHY.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF POCAHONTAS.

IN the wildest scenes of nature have been found her most engaging beauties. The desert smiles with roses, and savage society sometimes exhibits the graces of humanity.

Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan, with the colour and the charms of Eve, at the age of fifteen, when nature acts with all her powers, and fancy begins to wander, had a heart, that palpitated with warm affections. At this time, Captain Smith, one of the first settlers of Virginia, was brought a captive to her father's kingdom. Smith was by nature endowed with personal graces, that interest the female mind. He mingled feeling with heroism, and his countenance was an index of his soul. Pocahontas had never before beheld such a human being, and her heart yielded homage to the empire of love. In the first interview she looked all she felt, and like Dido, hung entranced on the face and lips of the gallant man.

An interesting occurrence soon afforded an opportunity of exhibiting her affections. Powhatan and his council of Sachems had resolved on the death of Smith. A huge stone was rolled before the assembled chiefs. Smith was produced, and the executioners with knotty clubs surrounded him. The moment of his fate had arrived; his head was laid upon the rock, and the arms of cruelty were raised! At this moment Pocahontas darted through the band of warriors; she placed her cheek on Smith's, and the same blow would have decided both their destinies. The heart of an Indian is not made of coarser materials than ours. Powhatan caught the feelings of his daughter, and sympathy with Pocahontas procured a pardon for his prisoner. Charmed with her success she hung wildly on the neck of the reprieved victim, while excess of joy checked the utterance of her affections.

Smith indulged all the sentiments of gratitude. He had not a heart for love. With a spirit of enterprise, he aspired to great and laudable achievements. The pleasure of softer passions he relinquished to the imbecility of gentler natures. He coldly thought of the advantages to be

derived from the ardent affection of Pocahontas, and grounded his pretences of mutual love on the calculations of interest.

After seven weeks' captivity, Smith returned to Jamestown, his settlement in Virginia. By his Indian guides he sent presents to Pocahontas, which the hopes of love regarded as the testimonial of returned affection. The contractions of the heart are governed by its wishes, and fancy is ready with its eloquence to gain faith to all the dreams of deluding fondness.

At the return of Smith to his colony, he found them in want and despair. He encouraged them by engaging descriptions of the country, and disconcerted a scheme for abandoning the wilds of Virginia. An interesting event strengthened the resolution he had inspired. Pocahontas appeared in the fort with the richest presents of benevolence. With all the charms of nature and the best fruits of the earth, she resembled the Goddess of Plenty with her cornucopia. Even Smith indulged, for a while, his softer feelings; and, in the romantic recesses of uncultured walks, listened to the warm effusions of his Indian maid. She sighed, and she wept; and found solace in his tears of tenderness, which seemed to her the flow of love.

Soon after, Pocahontas gave a stronger proof of her affection. Powhatan had made war upon the colonists, and had laid his warriors in ambush, so artfully, that Smith and his party must have been destroyed. To save the man she loved, in a night of storm and thunder, Pocahontas wandered through the wilds and woods to the camp of Smith, and apprized him of his danger. Love seems the supreme arbiter of human conduct, and, like Hortensia, forgets the brother, and the father, when opposed to the fortunes of her favorite.

A dangerous wound, which Captain Smith accidentally received, rendered his return to England necessary. He felt the pangs his absence would inflict on the heart of his Indian maid, and concerted a scheme for impressing her with full belief of his death. The next time Pocahontas visited the camp, she was led to the pretended grave of Smith, and deluded with the dying professions of her love. Imagination will picture the sorrows of so fond a heart. Untutored nature knows none of the shackles of refinement, and violence of passion finds expression.

The grave of Smith was the favorite haunt of Pocahontas. Here she lingered away the hours, here she told her love, and scattered her favorite flowers. One evening, as she was reclining in melancholy on the turf, that covered her lover, she was surprised at the presence of a man. Rolfe had seen and gazed upon the charming nymph, and indulged for her all that ardour of romantic passion, which Smith had excited in her breast. He was pen-

sively bew
Pocahont
to perform
prise, terr
the power
the arms
he forbear
ed to wel
charm a
life? A
llections to
at such a
sympath
swelled
enlivened
the ard
They tal
of the r
Pocahont
and arm
compan
Powh
daughte
was for
to indu
mode o
the suc
Throug
hazard
her. I
and re
chosen
tinued
fection
tranqu
ty.
for
and
tioned
Their
instan
affec
yield
The
Poca
dign
her m
cove
was
F
natu
prin
dear
mor
won
relig
his
gra
A
from
gin

fively bewailing his hopeless love, when Pocahontas stole away in shade and silence to perform her duties to the dead. Surprise, terror, and sorrow suspended in her the powers of life, and she sunk lifeless into the arms of the fortunate admirer. Could he forbear a warm embrace to one he loved so well, or was eloquence wanted to charm away her blushes at the return of life? Affection had too often repeated her lessons to the woods and wilds to be dumb at such a crisis. Pocahontas listened with sympathy—he wiped away the tear, that swelled in her eye. Despair yielded to enlivened hopes, and she indulged him in the ardent caresses of contagious love.—They talked down the moon, and the song of the mocking-bird became faint, before Pocahontas could escape from the vows and arms of her lover to the cabin of her companions.

Powhatan had not the partiality of his daughter for the English; and a stratagem was formed to seize Pocahontas in order to induce her father to adopt an equitable mode of conduct. Rolfe did not regret the success of this ungenerous scheme.—Through wilds and woods, and at the hazard of his life, he had ventured to see her. He now enjoyed her smiles in safety, and received new confidence from being chosen by her, as her protector. He continued however always as respectful, as affectionate, and while he soothed her into tranquility, gave but new proofs of fidelity. His heart was as pure, as hers was for

Netanquas arrived at the missions to ransom his sister.—The life of Rolfe in one of to meet Pocahontas; and over applied in the presence of to gain Powhatan's consent with his daughter. Potent in softness at this declaration the accomplished Englishman, and her blushing acquiescence was sanctioned by the approbation of her father. Their marriage soon followed—Happy instance of the perseverance of virtuous affection! The prejudices of education yielded to the honest impulses of the heart. The raven tresses and the tawny cheek of Pocahontas were no disparagements to the dignity of her soul or the generosity of her nature. Through this veil Rolfe discovered a thousand virtues, and his love was rewarded with their possession.

For years Rolfe resided in the wilds of nature, and in society with his Indian princess. Fond of solitude, she became the dear companion of his retirement. In the moments of leisure he initiated her in the wonders of science, and the mysteries of religion. In return she respected him for his talents and his virtues; and added gratitude for improvement to love for love. A son was the sole fruit of their union, from whom descends the nobility of Virginia, the Randolphs and Bowlings.

In 1616, Rolfe arrived in England with Pocahontas. At London, she was introduced to James I. The king rebuked her for descending from the dignity of royalty so far as to marry a plebeian. But the ladies of the court and the nobility of the kingdom regarded her with respect and affection; and sought to render her happy, by all the blandishments of refinement. She soon learned the manners of the great, and in her demeanor exhibited all the dignity and purity of her character, mingled with the tenderness of her heart.

Captain Smith called on Pocahontas soon after her arrival. Her astonishment was at first succeeded by contempt. But the resentment of wounded pride soon yielded to tender sentiments. In a private interview she heard his interesting explanation, and ever after caressed him with the fondness of a sister.

After remaining some time in England and travelling with Pocahontas through the country, he had so often described, Rolfe resolved to revisit America. But alas! Pocahontas had quitted her native wilds forever. She was taken sick at Gravesend, and after a short illness, died. Religion cheered her through the hours of declining life, and her last faltering accents whispered praise to her Creator.

When we reflect that so much virtue, heroism, intellect and piety adorned so young a native of our country, we cannot but regard America as the natural clime of greatness, and consider Pocahontas, as exhibiting proof of the powers and capacity of savage nature, rather than as an exception to common degeneracy.

[*Monthly Anthology.*]

ON SLOTH.

HOW many hours are needlessly spent by some on their beds! by others, in the most idle and frivolous conversation! by others, in reading merely to gratify the fancy! by others, in unprofitable amusements, which tend to kill time, rather than to qualify them for future employments! To what temptations are such exposed during these idle hours! What corrupt images play before the fancy! What a habit of self-indulgence gains strength!

Sloth is the thief of precious time; the origin of poverty, the source of vice; an enemy to the happiness of individuals, the felicity of families, the prosperity of the community; it sears the conscience, hardens the heart, is a great sin against the great God, and the vortex of temporal and eternal destruction.

Should we not, then, be aware of our constant temptations from this quarter, and be ever on our guard against them? We feel that this body is our tempter, and we must not allow its desires to bear a sovereign sway. Our meat and drink must be moderate. We must then beware of sumptuous and luxurious fare. We must ab-

stain from those needless recreations which an idle world has invented and multiplied. We must beware of vacant thought, vacant time, vacant conversation, vacant company. We must beware of trifling employments, which take the appearance of industry, while they are mere contrivances by which we disguise from ourselves the indulgence of our sloth. If we read, it must not be with careless inattention, nor must we prefer books of amusement to those which will add to our stock of useful knowledge, and improve the heart. Let us, then, adopt a maxim of an active promoter of the best interest of his fellow men—the salvation of the Greeks and Barbarians—“Be not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.”

[*Mss. Missionary Mag.*]

SAGACITY OF A DOG.

There is a dog at present belonging to a grocer in Edinburgh, who has for some time amused & astonished the people in the neighborhood. A man who goes through the streets tinging a bell and selling penny pies, happened one day to treat this dog with a pie. The next time he heard the pie-man's bell, he ran to him with impetuosity, seized him by the coat, and would not suffer him to pass. The pie-man, who understood what the animal wanted, shewed him a penny, and pointed to his master, who stood in the street door, and saw what was going on. The dog immediately supplicated his master by many humble gestures and looks. The master put a penny into the dog's mouth, which he instantly delivered to the pie-man, and received his pie. This traffic between the pie-man and the grocer's dog has been daily practised for months past and still continues. *Smellie's Philosophy.*

SELECTIONS.

Superiority in wit is more frequently the cause of vanity than superiority of judgment; as the person that wears an ornamental sword is ever more vain than he who wears an useful one.

The love of a wife is as much above the idle passions commonly called by that name, as the loud laughter of buffoons is superior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. W. and X. will oblige us by patronizing the Tablet with their compositions.

LOREN is deserving our gratitude. We hope the *Stage* will not be the last station from which we shall behold him.

CADMUS' Address has been received. If a second perusal shall discover a sufficiency of merit, it shall be presented to the public.

Communications will be received with grateful attention.

FOR THE TABLET.

THE STAGE.

ERE science fair dispens'd enliv'ning rays,
Or soft refinement proffer'd better days;
A taste for pleasures of a grosser kind
Suppress'd the finer feelings of the mind.
Man, not aspiring with a noble thirst
To wise improvement, grovelling in the dust.
No rising genius sought in distant fields
Those pure delights, which education yields.
At length, the sun of science rose in sight
And travelled on to his meridian height;
His splendid rays the darksome world illum'd
And man a zest for nobler joys assumed.
T' instruct, persuade and please the growing age,
Science and wisdom introduced the stage;
Gave it to stand, with majesty and grace,
A seat for virtue and for truth a place.
Here both the comic and the tragic play
Each various passion moves with artless lay;
Here too the voice of oratory's heard
By ev'ry base, tyrannic ruler fear'd.
Far better these than all those empty shows,
Which vain illusion's flattering hand bestows.
But stop; whilst musing o'er this pleasing theme,
A thought obtrudes, that casts a dismal gleam.
Where all the virtues should in converse meet,
And modesty divine possess a seat;
There base corruption often walks admir'd
Till grace all have silently retir'd.
So doves confounded wing the spacious air
When birds rapacious drive them to despair.
Hail O Socrates, thou venerable name!
Whose philanthropic deeds extend with fame,
Thou well canst witness how, by envy mov'd,
Man worth has spurn'd and villany approv'd.
When Athens' shameless sons the stage defil'd
And heard thy spotless character revil'd.
So that fair spot, where flow'rs profusely grew
And yearly verdure cloth'd the field anew,
Not being cultur'd by a careful hand,
Produces thorns and turns a worthless land.
Amidst this wrong, that from misuse accrues,
The mental eye a brighter prospect views.
It sees how genius all its pow'rs invites
To give the stage its just, indubious rights;
How, all-attentive wait th' unnumber'd throng
T' approve what's right, or censure what is wrong.
Does senseless folly frightful garments weave,
Or false, alluring splendor man deceive?
Does error's paint the greatest beauty mar,
Or passion triumph in his furious car?
The gay comedians, taught in mimic art,
Enter abrupt and take an active part.
Each fault to public view is now expos'd
And well depicted ere the scene is clos'd.
A lovelier train, approaching near in view,
Now feasts the wishful mind with something new.
Those charming beauties, which the world adorn,
Appear illustrious as the brilliant morn.
Fair modesty, the comeliest of the train,
Whose garments wear no foul, indecent stain,
Each rising passion in its growth arrests
And savage fierceness of its pow'r divests.
Relations, who in good behavior pride,
And graces standing on decorum's side,
Plaudits receive throughout the crowded hall
And prais'd, retire when once the curtains fall.
Obedient muse, to loftier strains aspire,
But stay assistance ere the subject tire.
From inbred passions, which no laws control,
Have issued crimes, that shock the very soul;
Vice over virtue has triumphant reign'd
And white-robed innocence in prison chain'd.
But, fallen virtue, placid and serene,
Retains her beauties, though she lives unseen;
In close confinement all her pow'rs increase
Till, by superior strength, she gains release.
Here then a theme for tragedy sublime
To paint th' effects of swift revolving time;
Now vice terrific frowns upon a land,
Now virtue fair presides with equal hand.
The muse of tragedy here lends her aid
To see the picture happily portray'd.
Upon the stage the actors now appear,
Attract each eye and rouse the list'ning ear.

A tyrant speaks, whilst near his guilty side,
Stands weeping innocence to Heav'n allied;
A sword suspended hangs on brittle thread
High rais'd and glittering o'er a harmless head.
In each spectator's breast quick passions rise,
In every visage changing color flies.
Like midnight blaze, now anger flashes round,
Now sympathetic pity feels the wound.
Minutes and hours in quick succession fly,
Four acts are out, the fifth approaches nigh;
The curtains open; a tragic scene ensues,
Which each observing eye with pleasure views.
Th' inhuman monster, pain'd with fell remorse,
Whose raging mind detested passions tose,
Receives from justice's hand his awful fate
And falls unpitied, though he dies too late.
From ev'ry quarter joyful shouts ascend,
Sounds mixt with sounds in sweet concordance
blend.

Such exclamations echo round the walls
When Osmond dies or Barbarossa falls.
Advancing now with slow and steady pace,
The chief of eloquence assumes his place.
Does some unbridled monster laws condemn,
Or, bent on empire, justice's rules condemn?
Abash'd, confounded, he in silence feels
Truth's mighty pow'r, which all his thoughts re-
veals.

Ev'n so, O Cataline, thou couldst not smile
When Rome's great Orator pronounc'd thee vile.
Do warlike foes a people fill with dread,
And damp their patriot souls with guiltless dead?
To arms! a voice is heard; your murd'ers brave!
To arms they fly, their bleeding country save.
So rolls a torrent down the steep again,
When earth's wide bosom's drench'd with ardent
rain;

Weeds, shrubs and tow'ring trees are prostrate
laid,
And no resistance meets the dread cascade.
May virtue still be honor'd as divine,
And genius worship where her altars shine;
May fair decorum still be understood,
Still may the stage be patronis'd for good.

LOREN.

THE BEGGAR BOY.

LOUD howl'd the tempest, and cold was the night,
Just twelve had the village bell toll'd,
No star was there seen to lend its faint light,
And dark was the heath to behold.
Yet a sufferer there was who despairingly lay,
Whom the storm threaten'd soon to destroy.
Stretch'd out at his length, on the cold and dank
clay,
Lay a wretched forlorn BEGGAR BOY.

A traveller was passing and heard his faint moan,
The sound gave a check to his speed,
And pausing awhile, heard a still deeper groan,
And instantly rein'd in his steed.
He dismounted, and long did he look all around,
Unsuccessful was still his employ,
At length he discover'd, half dead on the ground,
A wretched, forlorn BEGGAR BOY.

As soon as the object distress'd met his eye,
Of tears was the stranger beguil'd,
His bosom was heaving with sympathy's sigh,
In his arms as he rais'd the poor child,
Whose long wornout garments were drench'd with
the rain!
And long did the stranger employ
Every means the apparent fled life to regain,
Of the wretched, forlorn BEGGAR BOY.

He rode on still faster, his castle to gain,
Though cheerless and dark was the night,
His charge on a rich satin sofa was lain,
And open'd his eyes to the light.
He look'd round the gay splendid room with sur-
prise,
And the Baron's heart glowing with joy,
With pleasure saw gratitude's tears in the eyes
Of a wretched, forlorn BEGGAR BOY.

And delighted he view'd the reanimate glow,
On a face late so pale and so wan,
Though the Beggar Boy's tears still continued to
flow.
Yet his artless tale thus he began:
"May God ever bless you, good Sir," cried the
child,

"May you ever each blessing enjoy,
I'm unus'd to this goodness—you look too so kind
On a wretched, forlorn BEGGAR BOY.

Yet once I was lov'd, and my parents not poor,
A competence then bless'd their days,
Against the distress'd never clos'd was their door,
And the poor ever spoke in their praise.
My much belov'd father, the noblest of men,
In me center'd every joy,
My mother ador'd me—nor was I then
A wretched forlorn BEGGAR BOY.

But too soon, alas! did war's dire alarms,
To battle my father invite,
And scarce a few months had he left our fond arms,
Ere he met with his death in the fight.
As soon as the news met my poor mother's ear,
And bereft her of every joy,
Death clos'd the sad scene of her earthly career,
And left me a poor BEGGAR BOY.

My stern uncle seiz'd on my houses and land,
And made me thus wretched and poor,
He denied me relief, and his merciless hand,
Has spurn'd me away from his door.
Two years have I wander'd dejected and lost,
And hoping death soon would destroy
A life that on misery's billows had tos'd
The wretched, forlorn BEGGAR BOY."

"No more shall a beggar's sigh heave in thy breast,
(Cried the good, noble Baron in tears)
From thy stern Uncle, thy lands will I wrest,
And here end forever thy cares."
Transported, the innocent sunk on his knees,
Clasp'd his hands in a tumult of joy,
"Look down my much belov'd parents and see
Your ALBERT'S no more a forlorn BEGGAR
BOY."
Char. Courier.

FOR THE TABLET.

An Extract from OTWAY'S Works.

A SONG.

PRINCES that rule and empires sway,
How transitory is their state!
Sorrows the glories do allay,
And richest crowns have greatest weight.

The mighty monarch treason fears,
Ambitious thoughts within him rave;
His life, all discontent and cares,
And he, at best, is but a slave.

Vainly we think with fond delight
To ease the burden of our cares;
Each grief a second does invite,
And sorrows are each others heirs.

For me my honour I'll maintain,
Be gallant, generous, and brave;
And when I quietude would gain
At least I find it in the grave.

LYSANDER.

Hanover, N. H.

PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER THURSDAY,

BY M. Davis.

One dollar per annum—50 cents in advance.